

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Number 24 of Volume 22.

SALISBURY, N. C., MAY 20, 1842.

Whole Number 1,118.

TERMS OF THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

CHAS. F. FISHER,
Editor and Proprietor.

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published every Friday Morning, at \$2 per annum in advance—or \$2 50 if paid within three months—otherwise \$3 will invariably be charged. No paper will be discontinued except at the Editor's discretion, until all arrearages are paid, if the subscriber is worth the subscription; and the failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at least one month before the end of the year subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement. Advertisements conspicuously and correctly inserted at \$1 per square—(of 310 ems, or fifteen lines of this sized type)—for the first insertion, and 25 cent. for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent. from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued till told, and charged accordingly. Letters addressed to the Editor on business must come FREE OF POSTAGE, or they will not be attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BORROWING A GRIDIRON.

OR PADDY MULLONEY'S ADVENTURES IN FRANCE.

It is well known there is nothing more humorous than a well told Irish story; and such we are confident every one will pronounce the following, which went the rounds of the newspapers some years since, and will bear re-publishing. There are some of the best touches in it that we have seen for many a day.

The writer begins by a reference to Chas. Matthew's ludicrous representation, in his "Trio to America," of an Irishman who had left his own country to seek his fortune—and who, after various failures in the pursuit, at length, goes into the back settlements with the intention of becoming interpreter general between the Yankees and the Indian tribes; but the Indians reject his proffered service, "the poor ignorant creature" as he is called, "for he could not understand their language." We are told, moreover, (he says) that Goldsmith visited the land of dykes and dunes, for the purpose of teaching the Hollanders English, quite overlooking (with his arrival in the country made it obvious) that he did not know a word of Dutch himself. He then proceeds as follows:

"A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for elixir and fox hunting, was wont upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by drawing out one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he called his *thursdays*, and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps more than all, long and painful services, had established a sort of right of locupletation. He was one of those free, easy, and unpretending domestics, who, if his master, unobtrusively entered a rash thing in a fit of passion, could venture to set him right. If the Squire said, 'I'll turn that rascal off,' my friend Pat would say, 'trough you won't sir; and Pat was right, for if any altercation arose upon the matter in hand, he was sure to throw in some reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquency of the wife and child, that always turned the scale."

But I am digressing; on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extraneous* of his servant, might perchance, about Pat thus: "By the way, Sir John, (addressing a distinguished guest,) Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me of to-day reminds me of. You remember that queer adventure you had in France?" "Trish I do sir," grins forth Pat. "What?" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise. "Was Pat ever in France?" "Indeed he was," cries mine host—and Pat adds, "ay, and further, please your honor." "I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much respecting the ignorance of the French." "Indeed!" rejoins the baronet, "really I always supposed the French to be the most accomplished people." "Trish then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat. "Oh, by no means," adds mine host shaking his head emphatically. "I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic," says the master, turning to Pat, "with a seductive air, and leading him into the 'old and true account,' (for Pat had thought fit to visit North America, for 'a reason he had,' in the autumn of the year '97. "Yes, sir," says Pat, "the Broad Atlantic,"—"when the winds began to blow, and the sea to rock, that you'd think the *Colleen dhoo*, (which was her name,) would not have a rest left but what would roll out of her. Well, more enough, the mast went by the board, at last, and the pumps was chock'd, (I'd chock them for that same,) and as coarse the waterer gained on us, and troth to be filled with water is neither good for man or baste, and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was so glad at settlin' down in my life, and I liked then less never: accordingly was prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack of biscuits, and a cask of pork, and a keg of water and a trifle of rum aboard, and any other little matters we could think in the mortal hurry we were in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darling, the *Colleen dhoo* went down like a lump of lead, afore we wor many strokes of the oar away from her. Well, we drifted away all that night, and next mornin' put up a piece of a sail as well as we could, for we don't show a stitch of canvas the night afore, because it was blowing like a bloody murder; and your presence, and sure it is the wonder of the world we wor n' swally'd alive by the ragin' sea—we all away we went, for more or less a week, and nothin' before our two good look-

ing eyes but the canopy iv heaven and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—divil a thing was to be seen but the sea and sky, both ov im mighty purty in themselves; yet by my sowl they're no great things when you've nothin else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkin, an then, soon enough troth, our provisions began to run low, the biscuits, and the water, and the rum—troth that was gone first of all—God help us—and oh! it was then that starvation began to stare uz in the face. "Oh murdher, murdher, Captain Darlint," says I, "that we could see land any where," says I. "More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, "for sich a good wish, and troth it myself wishes the same." "Oh God grant it," says I. "dear sweet queen of heaven, supposing it was only a dissolute Island," says I, "inhabited by wild Turks, sure they would not be such bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sup."

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy," says the captain, "don't be talkin' bad of any one," says he, "you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in the other world all of a sudden," says he. "Trure for you captain; darlint," says I. [I called him *darlint* and made free wid him, you see, because distress makes us all equal]—"trure for you, captain, jewel; God betwe uz and barn. I owe no man any spite"—and troth that was only truth. Well, the last biscuit was served out, and by god, the water itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowed; well at the break of day the sun riz most beautiful ov the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crystal. But it was only the more cruel upon uz, for we wor beginnin' to feel terrible hungry: when all at once I thought I spied the land; by god, I tho't I felt my heart up in my throat in a minit, and "thunder an' ouge, Captain," says I, "look to leeward!" says I. "What for?" says he. "I think I see the land," says I, so he ups with his "brimem near,"—[that's what they call a spyglass, sir,] and looks out, and sure enough, it was.

Hurra! says he, "we're all right now; pull away, boys," says he, "we're all right now; pull away boys," says he. "Take care you're not mistaken," says I, "may be it's only a fog bank, Captain darlint," says I. "Oh no," says he, "it's the land arnest." "On then whereabouts in the wide world are we?" says I. Captain, may be it's in Russia, or Prussia, or the Garmant Ocean," says I. "Tut, you fool," says he, for he had that consorted way with him—thinkin' himself clever nor any one else. "Tut, you fool," says he, "that's France," says he. "Fire and ouge," says I, "do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, Captain, dear?" says I. "Because this is the bay of Biscay we're in now," says he. "Troth I was thinkin, so myself," says I, "by the way it has, for I often heard of it in regard of that same," and troth, the likes av it I never saw before nor sense, and with the help of God never will.

Well with that my heart began to grow light, and when I see my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever; so says I, "Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron." "Why, then," says he, "thunder and turf," "what put a gridiron into your head?" "Because I'm starvin with hunger," says I. "And sure bad luck to you," says he, "you couldn't ate a gridiron," says he, "barn, you wor a *Pelleen o' the Wilderness*," says he. "Ate a gridiron," says I, "ech, in troth I am not such a *gammach* all out as that now. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef stake to dhriss," says he. "Sure couldn't we cut a slice off the pork," says I. "By god I never thought of that," says the Captain. "You're a clever fellow, Paddy," says he laughin. "Och, there's many a three word said in joke," says I. "Trure for you Paddy," says he. "Well then," says I, "if you put me ashore there bevant," says he, "we were never the land all the time," and sure I can ave them to lend me the loan of a gridiron," says I. "Oh by god, the butcher's comin out of the str-a-bout in arnest now," says he,—"you *gammach*," says he, "sure I tould you befor that's France—and sure they're all *farriers* [for *farriers*, I there, says the Captain. "Well, says I, "and how do you know but I'm as good a *farrier* as any of 'em?" "What do you mane?" says he. "I mane," says I, "what I tould you, that I'm as good a *farrier* myself as any o'thin," "make me sensible," says he. "By dad may be that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do, says I,—"and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for a bit of consait he had about the *garmen ocean*. "Leave off your humbugging," says he, "I bid you, and tell you what you mane at all at all."—"Parley you *Frangsay*," says I. "Oh, your humble servant," says he, "why, by god, you're a schooled scholar, Paddy." "Troth you may say that," says I. "Why, you're a clever fellow Paddy," says the Captain jeerin' like. "Troth you're not the first that said that," says I, "whether you joke or no;" "Oh but I'm in arnest," says the Captain—"and do you tell me Paddy, says he, "that you spake French?"—"Parley you *Frangsay*," says I. "By god that hangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher hangs the devil. "I never met the like of you Paddy," says he—"pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and may be we won't get a belly full before long." So with that we was no sooner said than done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strand, and iligant place for the ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's still enought I was in my limbs afore being cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cold and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on one way or the other, tow'ids a bit of a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it quite timplin' like.

"By my sowl," says I, "I'm all right there's a house there," says I—and sure enough the was, and a parcel of men, women, and children *ating* their dinner round a table quite convenient. And so I went up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to them, as I heard the French was always plite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was. So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, "God save all here," says I. Well to be sure they all stood a ting at wunst and began to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be-

taken from furnaces, which they call so mighty plite, but I never minded that in regard of wantin' the gridiron, and says I, "I beg your pardon," says I, "for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in distress in regard of eatin'," says I, "that I make bold to trouble you, and if you could lend me the loan of a gridiron," says I, (knowin' what was in their minds) I said to them: "for you," says I, "I'm talkin' to you, and God knows I'm quare enough but it's because of the storm," says I, "which dhrives us ashore here below, and we're all starvin," says I. So then they began to look at each other again, and myself seeing at wunts that dirty thote was in their heads, and that they tuk more of a poor beggar comin' in crave-charity—with that says I, "by no mane we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below and we'll dhriss it," says I. "I would be plased to lend us the loan of a gridiron," says I, makin' a low bow. Well, sir, the devil a bit but they stared at me twice worse than ever, and faith I began to think that was the Captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all—and so says, "I beg pardon, sir," says I, to a fine old man, with a head of hair as white as silver—"may be I'm under a mistake," says I; "but I thought I was in France sir; arent you *furniers*?" says I.—"Parley you *Frangsay*,"—"We munseer," says he. "Then would you lend me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "if you please?" "Oh, it was then that they stared at me as if I had seven heads and faith myself began to feel flustered like an ouisey—and so says I, makin' a bow and a scarpence,—"I know it's a liberty I take sir, says I, "but it's only in the regard of bein cast away, and if you please, sir," says I.—"Parley you *Frangsay*?"—"We munseer," says he. "This would you lend me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, "and you'll oblige me. Well sir, the old chap began to munseer me, but the devil a bit of a gridiron he'd give, and so I began to think they were all negars [niggers], for all their fine manners; and troth my blood began to rise, and says I, "By my sowl if it was you in distress, says I, "and if it was to cold Ireland you know, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, 'if you'd ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the drop of dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile fritte*." Well, the words *cead mile fritte* seemed to strike his heart, and the old chap turned his ears, and so thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sensible at last, and so says I, wunst more, quite close that he might understand—"Parley you—*Frangsay* munseer?"—"We munseer," says he; "then find me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and bad luck to you." Well, bad luck to the bit of it he'd give me, and the old man begins bowin and scarpin, and said something or other about a long tongue,—"Passo— to the devil I pitch yourself and your tongue," says I, "I don't want a tongue at all at all; but can't you listen to reason," says I.—"Parley you *Frangsay*?"—"We munseer," says he. "Then thunder and turf. Will you lend me the loan of a gridiron—and how'd you prate." Well what would you think but he shook his cold noddle as much as to say he would't; and so says I, "Bad luck to the likes of you that I ever seen—troth if you wor in my country it's not that away they'd use you, you oul'd sinner, says I, the devil a longer I'll dhriss your door."—So he seen I was vex'd and I thought, as I was turning away, I seen him to begin to relent, and that his conscience troubled him; and says I, "turnin' back," "Well I'll give one chance more, you oul'd think; are you a christian at all at all? are you a *furnier*?" says I, "that all the world calls so plite bad luck to you, do you understand your own language? Parley you *Frangsay*," says I. "We munseer," says he. "Then blood ous," says I, "will you lend me the loan of a gridiron?" Well sir, the devil receive the bit of it he'd give me, and with that "the curse of the hungry an' you, you oul'd negarly villain," says I; "the back of my hand and the soul of my fat to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself," says I, "and where ever I go, high and low, rich and poor shall hear of you says I; and with that I left them then, sir, and kom away—and in troth it's often sence, that I thought it was remarkable."

*Some mistification of Paddy's touching the French's tendents.

An *Angelic Housemaid*.—A lady in the neighborhood of Chelmsford, a few days ago, received a letter from another lady, inquiring as to the "habits and capabilities" of a young woman, who had lived with the former as housemaid. The following were the various queries:—"Is she clean? Is she honest? steady? good tempered? willing to be taught? an early riser, without being called? not inclined to gossip and idle her time? and has she any followers? Does she well understand waiting at table? and cleaning plate? Is she quick? and can she sew neatly? The answer to these inquiries was as brief as it was expressive.—It was:—"Dear Madam: Polly P.—is an angel of a housemaid. From finking of a bed down to the threading of a needle, you will find her all that you can wish—and even a little more."

Forensic Eloquence.—May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury: We shall attempt to prove, 1st, that my client's hog did not commit any depredations on the complainant's fence; 2nd, that the hog broke only three pickets instead of six, as set forth in the indictment; and 3rd, that my client has no hog, nor never had."

One of the city missionaries of Boston, a few days since, witnessed a singular scene in that city. In a miserable hovel of a house which he entered, he found a man lying dead, with some of the family drunk about him. In the same room with the corpse a couple were being married—the bridegroom wearing the very clothes which the dead man had just cast off, and every thing was going on very merrily, as though it was a joyful time.

Making a Conquest.—"Tom," said an impudent wag to a conceited fop, "I know a beautiful creature who wishes to make your acquaintance."

"Den'd glad to hear it—fine girl—struck with my appearance, I suppose, eh?"

"Yes—very much so. She thinks you'd make a capital playmate for her puddle dog."

A lawyer once asked a Quaker if he could tell the difference between *also* and *likewise*.—"Oh,

yes," said the Quaker, "Erskine is a great lawyer; his talents are likewise admired by every one; you are a lawyer also but not likewise."

THE SUMMER BIRDS.

[BY MRS. AMELIA E. WELBY.]

Sweet warblers of the sunny hours,
For ever on the wing—
I love them, as I love the flowers,
The sunlight, and the spring.
They come like pleasant memories,
In summer's joyous time,
And sing their gushing melodies
As I would sing a rhyme.

In the green and quiet places
Where the golden sunlight falls,
We sit with smiling faces,
To let their voices call;
And when their busy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer.

Amid the morning's fragrant dew—
Amid the dews of even—
They warble on as if they drew
Their music from fresh heaven.
How sweetly sounds each mellow note,
Beneath the moon's pale ray,
When daffodils rise and don't,
Like lovers' sighs, away!

Like shadowy spirits seen at eve,
Among the tomb's thin glides;
Where sweet pale forms, for which we grieve,
Lie sleeping side by side.
They break with song and solemn hush
Where peace reclines her head,
And link their lays with mournful thoughts
That cluster round the dead.

For never can my soul forget
The loved of other years;
Their memories fill my spirit yet—
I've kept them green with tears.
And their singing greets my heart at times,
As in the days of yore,
Though their music, and their loveliness,
Is o'er—forever o'er.

And often, when the mournful night
Comes with a low, sweet tone,
And sets a star on every height,
And one beside the moon—
When not a sound of wind or wave
The only stillness hears,
I look above, and strive to trace
Their dwellings in the stars.

The birds! the birds of summer hours—
They bring a gush of glee,
To the child among the fragrant flowers—
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the sweet heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.

In the stillness of the starlight hours,
When I am with the dead,
Oh, may they flutter 'mid the flowers
That bloom on our head,
And pour their songs of gladness forth
In one melodious strain,
O'er lips whose broken melody
Shall never sing again.

ORIGIN OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

London is first mentioned as a Roman settlement, in the reign of Nero, A. D. 61, when it was the residence of a great many merchants and dealers. Long before their taking possession of it, however, it was a village of the Belgic Britons, who were a mixed race of Gauls and Germans, but more German than Gaelic. It was built in a wood, fortified with ramparts and ditches, and hence its name, *Lond*, or the Wood, and *London*, the fortified wood, or hill. It is indebted to no splendid origin or adventures, except being the seat of Government; but has risen to its present grandeur and opulency by its intrinsic merits, the advantages of its situation, and the industry and commercial spirit of its inhabitants. The Romans soon discovered its convenient situation for a military station, and established a magazine of stores and provisions there, A. D. 51.

The first notice of London as a place of commercial importance, occurs in the annals of Tacitus, who speaks of it as the noble emporium of his time, the great resort of merchants, and famous for its social intercourse; though not a colony.

About the year 886, London, which appears to have been almost totally destroyed and depopulated by the Danes, was restored and more strongly fortified by Alfred, and soon after filled with inhabitants who had been driven into exile, or kept in captivity by the Danes.

In the year 1556, a manufactory of the finest sort of glasses, was established on Friers; and the fine flat glass, little inferior to that of Venice, was at the same time made at the Savoy. Seven years afterwards a manufactory of knives was begun by Thomas Matthews, of Fleet Bridge.

The whole number of Merchants in London, at the commencement of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1558, were, in all, only three hundred and twenty six.

In the year 1579, Morgan Habblethorn, a dyer, was sent to Persia, at the expense of the city of London, to learn the art of dyeing there, and of making carpets.

In the year 1584, the use of coaches was introduced by a Dutchman named William Boonen who became the Queen's coachman, and before many years, divers great ladies made themselves coaches, and rode in them up and down the country.

Shortly before that period, the knowledge and wear of laces and encribes were introduced by the Dutch merchants, who retailed those articles in ell's, yards, &c., for there was not then one shop-keeper among forty who durst buy a whole piece.

About the fifth or sixth year of the reign of Elizabeth, the manufacture of pins was introduced; and in her eighth year the manufacture of needles was first taught.

About the same time the making of earthen furnaces, earthen *fire pots*, and earthen ovens, transportable, were first taught in London, without Moorgate, by Richard Dyer, who brought the art from Spain.

Women's masks, muffs, fans, bodkins, and periwigs, were introduced from France about the time of the massacre in Paris 1572-1577. Pocket watches were first brought into London from Nuremberg in Germany where they were thought to have been invented.

The printing of prices currents was first adopted by John Day, of London, in 1644.

The banking business commenced in 1545 as appears from a rare pamphlet, entitled, "The mystery of the new fashioned goldsmiths or bankers discovered," and in which it was stated that the merchant goldsmiths of London, no longer daring to confide, as before, in the integrity and care of their apprentices and clerks, who frequently go into the army, began first at this period to lodge their cash in the hands of goldsmiths whom they commissioned both to receive and to pay for them. The goldsmiths, quickly perceiving the advantage that might be derived from this capital, soon allowed a regular interest on all sums deposited.

In the same year, also, the use of codice was introduced into London, by a Turkish merchant, who brought home with him a Ragusan, Greek, by whom the manner of tanning and making codice, was first made known.

In the year 1670, the wear of India muslin was introduced into London, and soon became prevalent. In this year, also, the Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated with very enlarged powers; and the manufacture of fine glass brought to perfection through the encouragement of the Duke of Buckingham, who procured makers, grinders, and polishers of glass, from Venice, to settle in England.

The printing of calicoes was first practised in London, in 1688, and nearly at the same time the weaver's loom was introduced into the metropolis from Holland, and it was called the Dutch Loom Engine.

The great increase of the population, and domestic traffic of the Metropolis, led to that useful establishment, the penny post—which was set up by Murray, an upholsterer in the year 1685.

The year 1694 became a most memorable one in the commercial annals of the Metropolis, by the institution of the Bank of England, which was incorporated by charter on the 29th of July, the effects of which on the trade, prosperity, revenues, &c., exerted a very beneficial and salutary influence.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

[FROM BARRI'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE.]

A steamboat leaves Stockholm every week and touches at Gelle, Hudiksvall, Hernösand, Umeå, and other points on the western coasts of the Gulf of Bothnia, at Wasa, on the eastern, on its way up to Tornea, at the head of the gulf. This voyage is a very pleasant one, and gives an opportunity to those who wish to go up to that very northern city at the summer solstice, or on St. John's day, when from the neighboring mountain they can have their faith confirmed in the truth of the Copernican system. For, at that epoch, the sun, to those who are on that elevation, does not descend below the horizon, but is seen to decline to the northwest, and verge more and more to the northward, until it reaches at midnight its lowest point, when it is just visible about the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its upward course towards the northeast, and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches again its zenith in the south. Even to one who is at Stockholm at that epoch, the nights for two or three weeks are sufficiently light, from the refraction of the sun's rays, owing to its being so little beneath the horizon, for the performance of almost any business. We happened about this time four years ago, to be going up the promontory of Upsala, and were obliged to travel all night; and we have a distinct recollection of reading a letter at midnight with ease, even whilst passing through a forest. And the year after, at the same season, we often whilst away our leisure moments by sitting at the windows of the house where we stayed, on the English quay in St. Petersburg, a city which is situated in the same deg. N. of Stockholm, and reading until midnight.—During that period scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, which had both day and night, that light blue which is peculiar to these northern regions; that portion of the year, and which is occasioned by the rays of the sun striking the atmosphere of that portion of the earth at so small an angle. Scarcely a star was visible in the heavens at night, and the moon, even when full, hardly formed a shadow. At that season there is something unnatural and deathlike in the appearance of things as night sets in. Business ceases to an end before the sun goes down, all nature falls into stillness and repose whilst it is yet light. And if you have been accustomed to such a state of things, you seem, as you pass the streets, whether it be of Stockholm, of St. Petersburg, Hernösand, or Tornea, to be in the midst of a city which is uninhabited. No living thing, perhaps, is to be seen any where, as you pass street after street, save some solitary sentinel, with his grey coat and musket.

John De Solla, of the Philadelphia Times, under the head of "Florida News! Highly Important! Machine Poetry!" tears off the following tender rag of sentiment:

Hurrah for our lads of the salt and trigger,
In history's pages they'll make a great figure,
No heroes on record were braver or bigger,
They've captured three children, two squares and a nigger.

Run Color.—Not long since a religious society in Connecticut met to decide what color they should paint their meeting house. Some proposed one color and some another. At last says one, "I move we paint it run color; for deacon Smith has had his face painted that color for a number of years, and it grows brighter and brighter every year!"

The following is the latest and surest method of pulling teeth: Fasten a strong piece of twine to the tooth that is to be drawn, and attach the other end of the twine to a heavy stone. Then, if the tooth be in the upper jaw, stand on a fence, and let the stone drop down suddenly—if the tooth be in the under jaw, stand at the bottom of the fence and throw the stone over. Try it.—*New Haven Register*.

Why is a drunkard nearly ready to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindu? Because he is doubtful whether to give up the worship of the Jug or not (Juggernaut).—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A Federal paper in Alabama has taken the ground that the bloated banking system owes its origin to Gen. JACKSON and Mr. VAN BUREN.

The Tuscaloosa Flag of the Union thus notices this accusation:

STOP THAT STORY!

ENGLISH HORROR OF SLAVERY.

THE "WHIG" WAY TO MEET A MAN.

THE JUSTICE OF BANKING

From the North Carolina Standard.
MONEY MARKET.

From the Lynchburg Republican

FATE OF THE FEDERAL PARTY.

REPAIRS OF THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

REPAIRS OF THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

people's... about...

... ..

WISE AND STANLY.
Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

WISE AND STANLY.

There are various rumors here that Mr. [redacted] has declared his intention to challenge the [redacted] *gigian*.

LATEST FROM TEXAS

From the Advertiser of 24th instant.

THE APPORTIONMENT

242 306

THE PROGRESS OF THE WEST

THE PROGRESS OF THE WEST.
ST. LOUIS AND ITS TRADE.

The Judge was a native of Normandy-grated to Alabama many years ago, [we suppose] with Grouchy and others of Napoleon's followers and soon settled in New Orleans, where he pursued the vocation of a teacher, afterwards to the bar, and having filled several offices of was finally appointed Judge.

From the Savannah Republican of May 12.
IMPORTANT NEWS FROM FLORIDA.

VERA CRUZ, April 21, 1942.

I beg leave to congratulate you most sincerely
on the event, and repeat myself
Most truly yours,
L. S. HARRISON

Abstract

Another Prince coming.—Prince Frederick, of the Archduke Charles, of Austria, is to visit the United States next August, in the frigate Vesp

Extraordinary Feat.—Mr. James McFaul, Baltimore, completed yesterday at 12 o'clock, in Washington, sixty four consecutive hours' long beating of W. Dixon by four hours.

feat was performed at Mr. West's Collier house, a plank about nine feet long and three inches wide was witnessed by hundreds. After having accomplished the feat, and without leaving the plank, Mr. McPaul addressed the spectators for upwards of ten minutes, stating that he intended to attempt the feat for the London premium of £100. He stated that he could walk eight hours on the plank but the attending physicians were of opinion that he could not possibly have survived "another day." His pulse was up to 120!—*Alexandria Gazette*.

The Polyp

Of the Presbyterian Church in Salisbury, during
absence of the Pastor, will be supplied on the
31 Sabbath in May by Rev. E. F. Rockwell.
4th do. do. by " Wm. A. Hall.
5th do. do. by " J. D. Hall.
1st do. in June by " J. M. H. Adams.
24 do. do. by " J. M. Wilson.

All Persons

DEBTEED to the Subscriber are requested to
Sam'l. Reeves and settle the same, on or be-
25th of May, instant; those who fail to comply w-
tainly have to settle with an officer, as necessa-
pels me to collect what is due me.

FREDERICK. MOW
Salisbury, May 14. 1842.


FOR SALE

THE SUB
fers for sale

a fine new
ring and
lent service

Horses. JOHN T. SHAW
April 22, 1842. if

Blanks For Sale Here


WESTERN CAROLINIAN.
SALISBURY, N. C.
Friday, May 30, 1849.
Democratic Republican Nomination,
FOR GOVERNOR,
LOUIS D. HENRY,
Of Cumberland.

Federal hostility to State Rights.

At no time since the foundation of our Government, has the settled hostility of the Federal consolidation party to the rights and sovereignty of the individual States been more strongly evinced in open warfare against both, than by the present Federal Whig dynasty within the short period since its accession to power by fraud and "deception." From the close of the Revolution up to this day, the aim of Federalism has always been, by a forced latitudinarian construction of the Constitution to cripple the sovereignty of the States, and give to Congress and the Federal tribunals the supreme power of legislating and enforcing the laws. President Tyler in his first message to Congress urged a direct violation of the Constitution, a usurpation of unwarranted power by the Federal Government, and a most flagrant invasion of the rights of the States in his recommendation to take from the States and give to the Federal tribunals the jurisdiction of all offences committed by foreigners against the laws of the States. This monstrous usurpation would deprive the States of all power to protect themselves from foreign outrage, or vindicate their violated laws, and make them mere dependencies of the Federal Government, which would be equivalent to subjecting them without remedy to any insult or outrage that might be offered, since it is very clear from the past, how efficient the General Government is in protecting even the National honor. This proposition of Mr. Tyler has been readily embraced, and is now strongly urged on Congress by the Federal leaders in the Senate. Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, has lately introduced into the Senate a Bill in furtherance of the recommendation, and it will, no doubt, command the warmest support of all the enemies of State rights and a strict construction of the Constitution.

While this is going on in one branch of Congress, the Federal majority in the other end of the Capitol are striking another blow in a different way at the rights of the States. The Apportionment Bill—fixing the ratio of Representation—which has passed the House of Representatives by a majority of two, contains a provision requiring the Legislature of each State to lay the State off into Districts for the election of members of Congress. This is the first time in the history of our Government that Congress has assumed to prescribe to the States the manner in which they shall elect their representatives, and whether the Constitution does or does not grant to that body under certain restrictions this power, we conceive that its exercise is altogether unlawful for. We certainly consider the District system as the only proper one for electing members to Congress, and make no objection to that, but the question is not touching the system, but the policy of surrendering to Congress the right to regulate and control at any and all times the elections of Representatives in the States. There is no reason or shadow of reason or propriety for such interference of the Federal Legislature. It is time enough for Congress to step in when the States need its assistance to regulate their affairs; until then, that honorable body will do quite as well to confine itself to the neglected business of the Nation coming within its unquestioned jurisdiction, and the people will be perfectly satisfied if this is done, without an interference with matters of a doubtful character.

Virginia.

The result of the elections is now ascertained, showing a most signal and decisive Republican triumph in the land of Jefferson. The Democratic majority in the Legislature on joint ballot will be forty-four. State of parties—in the Senate, Democrats 20, Whigs 12; Democratic majority 8;—in the House, Democrats 85, Whigs 49, Democratic majority 36.

The Federal papers are glad that the majority is so large, as it will give the Democrats a chance to do what they please &c. &c. Very comforting truly! These fellows also say that it is not half so bad to be so completely defeated as they thought it would be. This is something consoling for the North Carolina Whiggery who will have to endure the same sufferings after the 1st Thursday in August next.

Democratic Candidate for next President.

The Editor of the Raleigh Register begins to suspect that Mr. Calhoun is to be the Democratic Candidate for next President, and conjectures that he will be nullified. Who, Mr. Register, will be the nullifier? Think you it will be Mr. Clay? If the Register can only strike a bargain with the old King of Terrors to let him escape until Mr. Clay shall be elected President, he will certainly have a long lease for his life. Take the wandering Jew he will remain in this troubled world till long after life has lost all its charms. Mr. Calhoun may never be President—Mr. Clay can never be President.

The North Eastern Boundary.—Governor Fairfield of Maine, has issued his proclamation convening the Legislature on the 18th this month, to take into consideration propositions which will be

made for the final settlement of the Boundary question, which it is stated Lord Ashburton is fully empowered to arrange.

The Bankrupt Law and the "Whigs."

As this was one of the great relief measures of the Whigs passed at the Extra Session which they have refused to repeal, we have taken the trouble to inform ourself of the facts of its passage and some other matters connected with it, which we deem it important the public should know.

The bill being on its second reading, Mr. Clifford of Maine, a Democrat moved the following amendment:—"Provided, That nothing in this act contained shall be construed to alter or repeal any State law for the relief of insolvent debtors," &c. This amendment passed by a vote of 90 to 94—the Democrats generally voting for and the Whigs against it:—of the North Carolina delegation, all who voted, voted for the amendment with the exception of Edward Stanley;—neither Rayner nor Lewis Williams voted.

This amendment was by the friends of the bill considered fatal to its success. A motion was then made that "the bill do lie on the table," and carried by a vote of 110 to 97;—the Democrats voting for and the Whigs generally against the motion:—of the North Carolina delegation, all who voted, voted for the motion with the exception of Deberry, Stanley and Lewis Williams. On the next day Mr. Gamble, a Whig, moved to reconsider the vote, which was carried 108 to 98;—of the North Carolina delegation, the Whigs voted to reconsider, with the exception of Rayner and Sheppard, the Democrats against—Graham absent. A motion was then made by Solters, a Whig, to reconsider the vote adopting Mr. Clifford's amendment, which had been modified by adopting this important provision—"so that any insolvent debtor may, at his discretion, either take the benefit of the provisions of this act relating to voluntary bankruptcy, or of the State laws where he resides." This amendment was then rejected by a vote of 91 to 119. The Democrats from this State, with Rencher and Sheppard voting for and the Whigs against it. Then came the question—"Shall the bill pass?"—and it did pass, 111 for, 105 against it. The Whigs voting for the bill, the Democrats against it with the exception of three—Dawson, of Louisiana, and Roosevelt and Ward, of New York, for it; of the North Carolina delegation, those who voted for the bill were Deberry, Rayner, Stanley and Lewis Williams; those who voted against it, Caldwell, Daniel, Graham, McKay, Rencher, Saunders, and Sheppard—Washington absent. The rumor at the time was—that after the vote to lie on the table had been carried, the Whigs held a caucus and ascertained that unless the vote to reconsider prevailed, and the Bankrupt bill passed, the Distribution bill could not pass. The motion to reconsider was defeated by the Whigs who were absent, and who were said to be opposed to the bill. So much for the passage of this famous law. Now as to its REPEAL. The Journals show that after days spent in attempts to stave off the question, and every shift resorted to by the Whigs, a vote was had, and stood for the repeal 127, against it 92. The Democrats all voting for the repeal with the exception of four of the North Carolina delegation, ARBINGTON, CALDWELL, DANIEL, GRAHAM, MCKAY SAUNDERS, and SHEPHERD for repeal;—DEBERRY, RAYNER, STANLEY, WASHINGTON against it—Rencher and Williams absent.

In the Senate the vote stood, for repeal 22, against repeal 23;—GRAHAM voting for, MANUM against it. Every Democrat voted for repeal with the exception of Walker, of Mississippi. Had Manum voted for repeal it would have carried.

The Bankrupt law is a Whig measure carried by a Caucus drill, and by a bargain with the friends of the Distribution Bill. So, also, its repeal was prevented by Whig votes. Mr. MANUM, two thirds of whose State is against the law, voting against its repeal, and by this vote he has kept alive the law.

These facts are taken from the Journal so far as to the votes; as to what is said of the intrigue, bargain, and caucus manœuvring it is notorious, and we have it moreover from a source to be relied on. So Whiggery must father this odious measure of "relief."

Connecticut.—The Legislature of this State which has lately convened, elected Mr. Cleveland—the regular Democratic candidate in the late elections who failed in being chosen by reason of the scattering vote in the popular polling—by a majority of 71 over Ellsworth the Federal candidate; the vote on ballot was for Cleveland 139, Ellsworth 68.

Governor Cleveland in his message goes for discriminating duties on imports to provide a revenue sufficient for an economical administration of Government, but no protection tax. He is in favor of a repeal of the bribery bill. Thus it is that the South finds in the Northern Democracy true and faithful allies in resisting the plundering Tariff system, and opposing the Federal scheme for robbing the public treasury.

If we did not anyhow question the policy of granting to Congress the right claimed in the Apportionment Bill, to regulate the election of Congressional representatives in the States, we should undoubtedly regard it with the very strongest suspicion from the fact that the old thorough Federalists went for it to a man. It must be anti State rights and anti-Republican, for who ever heard of their supporting any measure of a different character? We are glad to see that on this question two of the "Whig" representatives from North Carolina, Messrs. Rencher and Mitchell, voted against all their Federal associates of the State, and with the Democratic minority.

The profits of the Connecticut State prison last year amounted to \$12,000.

Mr. Henry attended the Rutherford Superior Court the last of the month according to his appointment, to address the people of that county, but was prevented from doing so by a sudden and violent attack of a disease prevailing there. He recovered sufficiently to go over to Cleveland the next week, where he attempted to speak, but found himself too much debilitated and was forced to desist after a few minutes effort. We were glad to hear, however, by last mail, that he is recruiting and fully expects to be with us on the 20th, and to address the Convention and the people.

Whig better times—more taxes.

The Committee of Manufactures in Congress have made a long Report in favor of reviving the Protective Tariff again, and brought in a bill for that purpose. This new Tariff will raise the duties nearly up to what they were under the plundering act of 1828. The increase is as high as 30 per cent—30 cents in the dollar—and on some articles much more, Iron, nails, salt, sugar, coffee, coarse cotton and coarse woolen cloths come in for a high tax.

Well, the people put the Federal Whigs into power, and they may now prepare to pay the taxes. Whig prosperity and better times!—Money scarce and taxes plenty! This is the fruit of Whiggery for you. The people will find hard cider a pretty expensive drink yet.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cornwell, Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Philadelphia, lately died at the advanced age of ninety four years.

The French Bedstead.—The Raleigh Star, says we are laboring under a misapprehension about the French Bedstead in the "Palace," at Raleigh,—that Gov. Dudley, not Governor Morehead, was the purchaser. Very well, then let the awful consequences of the dreadful act rest on the shoulders of Governor Dudley. Smug as it was however, we suspect his Excellency did worse deeds while in office. The Star further intimates—"we believe actually affirm—that so great is Governor Morehead's horror of French Bedsteads, he does not even use the article. We really do not know as to that, but if the report of Gov. Morehead's speech furnished by our correspondent "O. P." and published in our last be correct, then the Star it is right must be misinformed on the matter. "O. P." writes that the Governor declared he liked French Bedstead very much, on account of the great advantage they possess in a man's being able to sleep on them without snoring. This after all is but a small matter, and we leave the Star and "O. P." to settle the question between them. For ourself we do not consider that sleeping on a French Bedstead is a very venial offense, if it be so, what a desperately wicked set of people they must be in France! When we notice the Bedstead at all, it is merely to show the inconsistency of Governor Morehead. His Excellency made speeches over the whole State about Mr. Van Buren's sleeping on one of these articles, and many a good Whig has proclaimed that he ought to be turned out of office for that of once alone. Well, the French Bedstead helped greatly to put Governor Morehead into office, and no sooner does he take possession of the Palace than he goes to sleeping on one himself—that is, according to "O. P."—though the Star positively maintains that he does not. This point however is of little consequence as it was not the matter of the Bedstead, but the unfairness and inconsistency of the Whigs and His Excellency, that we remarked and condemned.

Bank resumption in Virginia.—A Convention of Delegates, one from each Bank and Branch Bank in the State, is to meet in Richmond on the 11th of July next, to devise means for a resumption at an earlier day than that fixed by law in the Fall. The Democratic majority of the next Legislature has given them a little scarce perhaps in prospect.

Rhode Island.—The gunpowder aspect of affairs in this belligerent little State is clearing off somewhat. The threatened war seems to have blown over without any more serious results than the trivial death of the cow that was killed by the Quarter Master of the Charter party. The Legislatures of both parties have been in Session and adjourned. Gov. Dorr of the "People's Constitution" is in Washington to remonstrate against the interference of President Tyler, &c.; the other party have also a special representative or more in the City for some purpose or other. From the tone of his organ, Capt. Tyler is beginning to suspect that he rather overleaped proper in packing off the United States Troops he did at the call of the Charter party to interfere before there was occasion for it. There is probability we see by the last accounts that both parties will agree to settle the difficulty by a general Convention of the people, the only rational way evidently from the first of settling it.

The North Carolinian of last week mentions a report coined by some scribbling correspondent of the Raleigh Register we believe, which we had either never noticed or forgotten that Mr. Henry did not go from this place to Surry as he intended to do but for an accident on the road, because he was afraid of meeting Mr. Boyden, and of course getting "used up." To every body up here this is excessively ridiculous—the idea that Mr. Henry would be afraid to meet Mr. Boyden in discussion or any other way! We assure the Carolinian that such a report could only afford matter for amusement wherever Mr. Henry and the Surry orator are known. We marvel that Mr. Boyden's friends about RALEIGH would venture to give it currency there.

Giddings of Ohio, the poor dog, who tried to initiate old "Johnny Q." in getting up an Abolition row in Congress some time ago, and was just quietly and contemptuously censured by the House, and thereupon resigned and went home, has been re-elected by a greatly diminished majority compared with that of his last election. This was poor reward for such martyrdom. However he has pocketed one he will probably value more, in the mileage he made by the trip home and back.

Ex-President Van Buren arrived at the Hermitage on the 26th last month, and visited Nashville on the 29th accompanied by Gen. Jackson and a number of distinguished gentlemen. His reception is represented to have been highly flattering—men of all parties uniting as was becoming, in showing that courtesy and attention which was due to so distinguished a fellow citizen. Mr. Van Buren intended to visit Columbia on the special invitation of the citizens, after which he would proceed to Kentucky on the invitation of Mr. Clay.

Bella—horrida bella.—We really have been indulging the hope that the Whig war in Congress had ceased—that the heroes of that party had got through with all their fighting, laid aside their belligerent propensities and would henceforth be content to take it out in abusing one another by the word of mouth, but it seems we were woefully mistaken—they have been at it again. The "gallant Stanley," and the distinguished Mr. Williams have had another "set to" as may be seen from an extract in this paper. Only think of it—in the memorable campaign of 1840 these two "great men" vied with each other in their zeal for "Tip and Ty"—each tried to excel his Whig brother in violence against the "Hocochoes"—they were the "Castor and Pollox" of Whiggery—now, they are mortal foes—exchanging the complimentary terms of dog and coward—battering each other with peculiar epithets and mud-breaking heads and whole-lone caresses, and it is to be apprehended; they will not cease till one or the other is at last laid low in the ditch. What strange bed-fellows were brought together by hard cider! The fumes are still swimming in some of their heads, but a few more elections will cool them off effectually.

From the Lynchburg Republican.
MR. CALHOUN—THE PRESIDENCY.

We perceive the Press is already directing the public attention to the distinguished Statesman of South Carolina, as a candidate for the next Presidency. Some of the "Clay clique" are doing this with no very good wish for his future success;—as they have long regarded him as their sternest enemy, and gnashed their teeth at him in the paroxysms of a potent malice and inveterate hate. Whether Mr. Calhoun will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency or not, he may rest assured of the concentrated and never dying enmity of that latter and baffled faction.

The correspondent of the New York Herald, (said to be a Tyler paper), has the following passage in his letter of May 1st.

"Mr. Calhoun is most unquestionably in the field for the Presidency, with Matty to pull the wires, who is now going to the Hermitage to secure the co-operation of 'Old Hickory.' Mr. Benton has low at Washington, and Messrs. Calhoun, Wright and Woodbury, evidently understand each other. We shall wait to see how the Herald stands in the business of President making. It is almost the only paper heard of here north of Washington."

Upon this the New York Arena makes the following comments.

"We clip the above from the Herald of yesterday—it is to their Washington letter—written by the Herald's sordid correspondent. We do not believe there is any understanding among the names mentioned."

Mr. Calhoun stands in a proud position; he has for 35 years served his country faithfully in the Halls of Congress—and it remains with the great Democratic party to define his future position—and they were never known to be ungrateful to a long tried and faithful public servant."

The Herald is pledged to John Tyler, and dare not interfere in the business of President making" beyond the length of his line."

We cannot believe that the object of Mr. Van Buren's visit to the Hermitage has any thing to do with the nomination of Mr. Calhoun. The Clay clique have represented the tour as intended to secure his own. We trust there is no truth in either of these rumors. Mr. Van Buren has filled the highest office in the gift of the people; and has nothing to do, but turn his eyes to the House of Representatives, to see how a man, once President, can degrade himself and the country by seeking a second nomination. He bore his late defeat with truly noble and manly fortitude; and from his honorable retreat will yet live to see his principles triumph, in despite of coon skins and hard cider. This is all he will, as a sound Republican, desire.

As to Mr. Calhoun, we agree with the Editor of the Arena—"that the Democratic party were never known to be ungrateful to a long tried and faithful public servant;"—and if we may judge from the tone and temper of that party in this section of the State, they will entitle themselves to the high compliment by their future course. No man stands higher with them than Mr. Calhoun, or deserves to stand;—and we say to the Clay clique that it is time for them to commence their usual calumnies and denunciations.

The great match race between Boston and Fashion.—This contest came off on Tuesday the 19th inst., over the Union Course, Long Island. The New York Herald says there were at least fifty thousand persons present. Boston was beaten in two heats in the following unprecedented time:

First heat:—Time, 7m. 32½s. Boston on the inside of the track—Fashion leading by about a neck—Boston soon passed her and opened a gap of two lengths, he kept the lead until the first quarter of the fourth mile, when the mare gave him the go-by, and came in winning the heat by a full length clear. This is 1½ seconds better than the heat won by Henry against Eclipse, in the celebrated race of May 27th, 1824.

Second heat:—Time, 7m. 45s. Start even. Fashion went ahead before the first turn, the horse nearly lapped her on the second quarter, between the second and last quarter she widened the gap and held her advantage until the first half of the third mile, when the horse lapped and worked by her a half length. Before the first quarter pole of the last mile, the mare passed to the lead and continued to widen the distance between them, coming in at the winning post thirty yards clear, ahead. The time is 1 second better than the second heat between Eclipse and Henry.

The stake it will be recollected was \$10,000, \$20,000, aside.

CAMPEACHY.—We learn from a gentleman recently from Campeachy, that the United States Consul for that port had left the city, in consequence of ill health or other cause, and that the state of public feeling existing towards the United States requires that his place should be immediately filled. Whilst our informant was in Campeachy, the Tex-

as invasion was the topic of general conversation, and in connection with it, the people of the United States and our Government came in for a full compliment of grand eloquent invective. The people of Yucatan were greatly divided upon the subject of the relations of that Province with Mexico. It was reported in Campeachy, and generally credited, that the articles of agreement by which Yucatan bound herself to furnish a certain quota of money, &c., to Texas to carry on the war with Mexico, would be rescinded. The partisans of Santa Anna were boisterous, overbearing and confident, whilst those in favor of the separate independence of Yucatan seemed to be wavering and in dread of the Dictator's power and vengeance.—Bee.

MILITARY MEETING IN SALISBURY.

On Saturday, the 14th instant, the Officers composing the 6th Regiment of North Carolina Militia, after attending to some business which they had in Court-Martial, formed themselves into a meeting for the purpose of considering the expediency of appointing Delegates to the Military Convention, proposed to be held in Raleigh on the 4th of July next;—when, on motion, Lieut. Col. JEREMIAH M. BROWN was appointed Chairman, and Obadiah Woodson was requested to act as Secretary. Col. R. W. Long then read a letter addressed to the Col. Commandant of the 6th Regiment by the Officers of the 30th Regiment, after which he made a few concise and pertinent remarks in explanation of the object of the meeting. The Secretary then offered the following resolutions which were adopted:

Resolved, That we cordially approve of the meeting which was held by the Officers of the 30th Regiment of North Carolina Militia, at Wilmington, on the 25th of March last, recommending that a Military Convention be held in Raleigh on the 4th of July next.

Resolved, That we recommend the Officers of such Regiments who have not already held meetings, to do so at as early a date as convenient, and appoint Delegates to the Convention.

Resolved, That we appoint Col. R. W. Long, Lieut. Col. J. M. Brown, Maj. Richard Lowry, Capt. Adam Holshouser, Maj. Sam'l. Robin, Maj. James E. Kerr, Adjt. George M. Weant, Capt. David Lewis, Capt. George Gillespie, Capt. A. J. Kelly, Capt. John W. McNeely, Capt. John Shannon Jr., Capt. Adam Trexler, Capt. John Sloan, Capt. John York, Capt. Levi Trexler, Capt. James Mason, Capt. Allison Sturtevant, Capt. William Cochran, Capt. David R. Bradshaw, Capt. Moses Earnheart, Capt. Green W. Redwine, Capt. James Owen, Capt. Sam'l. Luckey, Lieut. William Lamoth, Lieut. John B. Lord, Lieut. James Goodwin, Lieut. James Crossin, Lieut. Abner Burke, Lieut. P. N. Luckey, Lieut. Don't. Korne, Lieut. Jesse R. Woodman, John Korne, Esq., J. N. Kipatrick, Thos. Wood, J. W. Watson, John J. Miller, and David Beaver, as Delegates to said Convention.

On motion, it was further Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and that the Editors of the Western Carolinian and Carolina Watchman be requested to insert them in their respective papers.

JEREMIAH M. BROWN, Chairman.
OBADIAH WOODSON, Sec'y.

CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP.—The Federal Whigs of the House of Representatives, led on by Mr. Stanley of this State, nicely trapped themselves a few days since. The scene is thus described by the Index. (Mr. Stanley is chairman of the committee on Public Expenditures.)

"The committee on public expenditures, fearful that Captain Tyler was about to suppress a portion of the Hon. George Pontexter's report of his examination into that sink of inquiry the New York custom house, prevailed upon the Speaker to subpoena the aforesaid George, to appear before them with his report, and the accompanying documents."

"The commissioner obeyed the summons; and the committee, without stopping to read the document, made a report, recommending the printing of a large number of the same. This was agreed to. Mr. Wise, however, knowing what was in the report, endeavored to procure a reconsideration of the vote, but the committee, suspecting Mr. Wise to be moved by a desire to screen John Tyler, insisted upon the Whigs adhering to the first vote, reconsideration was lost. When the document got into the hands of the printer to the House, it was found by some penetrating reader, to denounce Edward Curtis; justify Jesse Hoyt, the old Collector; approve of a low tariff, and censure certain mercantile houses of Boston, for evading the revenue laws."

"The fat was now in the fire, and thereupon the Hon. John Quincy Adams commenced a crusade against Pontexter's opinions, and as usual prevented every thing to answer his own selfish purposes. The Whigs now run about like disturbed hornets, and the Democrats chuckled in their sleeves at the ludicrous situation in which the censors of the House found themselves."

Our opponents, hereabouts, complain that many of their friends—that is many of those who have heretofore acted with them—did not vote at the late election. We freely admit that all the citizens of our county who voted for "Tip and Ty" at the Presidential election, did not attend the polls last Thursday week. And for the consolation of our whig neighbors, we will state further, that it is well for them that some old friends did not turn out on that day. Do you understand, gentlemen?—Lynchburg Republican.

Among the Cadets who have entered West Point Military Academy this year, are the following from North Carolina: Thos. Beckwith, Thos. H. Whedbee, James F. Simmons, George Round-saville, Francis F. Eryan, John Gibson, Jas. Pepper, Wm. Wilkings.

THE SEASON AT QUEBEC.—The Quebec Gazette of Monday, April 25th, in speaking of the weather, says,—"The fields are more than half free from snow, and the ice is fast disappearing from the St. Lawrence. The Montreal mails have come in on wheels." Up to Sunday week, it appears that the mails were carried in sleighs.

DIED.

In this County, on the 10th instant, Mrs. Adeline Coughenour, consort of John Coughenour, Esq., aged about 78 years. She has left a husband, several children, with a large circle of relatives and friends, to lament her loss.—[Communicated.]

In Davidson County, on the 31st instant, Mr. Lewis Snider, aged about 65 or 70 years. He has been a member of the Baptist church for several years. He has left a large number of friends to mourn his departure.—[Comm.]

Candidates for Sheriff.

Col. R. W. Long is a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Rowan County.

HERBERT TURNER, Esq., is a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Rowan County.

We are requested to announce Mr. B. B. Roberts, as a Candidate for Sheriff of Davidson County at the next election.

Blanks For Sale Here.

requested to give this Prospectus one or two insertions.

H. POTTER, *Judge U. Statca*
for District of North Carolina
Fayetteville, January 17, 1842.

We respectfully ask that a generous patronage be bestowed upon our efforts to promote the success of the cause in which we are engaged. Orders addressed to **THEOPHILUS FINE**, will receive prompt attention.

March 18, 1832.

No attention will be paid to any order in money accompanies it. — BLAIR & R
Washington City, October 25, 1844